

Unseen Presence

As a little boy, I would often have strange dreams of some unseen presence knocking at my window. After a few taps, I would stir from my slumber to find that there was no one there. These dreams happened almost every night for three weeks. One night, though the knocking occurred when I was awake.

My parents had gone out to dinner to celebrate their anniversary. I was sitting on my bed, which was situated just below my window, messing with some playing cards my father had given me earlier that day. I turned up to the window, and saw the shadowy figure of a man standing there. I screamed in pure terror. As I did, he smashed the window, and I had bolted out of the room.

I ran with everything I had to my grandfather's, two houses up. I was there within a few seconds, winded. I explained to him what happened in a half babble, as I could hardly contain my fear. He called the police, and my parents.

When they arrived, the police officer picked up something from the cards I was playing with, which were now strewn all over the floor. I didn't want to interrupt to ask what it was, but the look on my parents face was pure terror. My father took us all to stay at a hotel for the night.

The following day, my parents had the window replaced, and bars placed over the rest of them. They were all bolted shut. A few years later, I eventually asked what they found on the floor. It was a picture of me. I was in my bed, sleeping.

The problem was, the picture was taken from inside my closet.